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## THE AGE OF BRASS,

THE whole world is undergoing a fearful change. In old times silver and gold were thought the only coins worth the having, but now nothing will do but *brass*! His Majesty's Mint had better lay in a prodigious stock of heavy metal—depend upon it copper will be worth more than its own weight ere long. No Magazine now may hold up its head unless it be copper-fastened, and caulked with brass. PENNY JOURNALS are the only Journals now-a-days to sail with wind and tide in their favour—and the public are in the right of it. Some folks may think that this copper deluge will be the ruin of them—and we dare say many are enjoying a sly laugh at the fearful annoyance which we will have when the PENNIES are pouring in upon us, and all Dublin are clamorous for their Numbers. "Why," say they, "their cellars will be crammed with brass—they'll never get the pennies off their hands—see, see, all sacks in the house are in requisition, and pennies are trundling in every corner! Their profits will be absorbed in sacks and porters—and then the Bank will shut their doors against them, for fear of the terrible deluge of brass. Their Penny Journal will go down, and it well deserves such a fate, for they have joined with the whole brazen crew of Journalists in breaking the prices of literature!"

Now what if we should attempt to prove to these people that the age of brass is the very age both for us and them? Instead of lowering the prices of literature—instead of degrading knowledge by selling it for a Penny—instead of undermining other Journals, and underselling other books, we are doing the very reverse. The great leading Journals, as they are called, with 2s. 6d. or 3s. 6d. or 5s. neatly inscribed on their covers, are beyond all classes but those who have money to buy, and education to understand, and time to read them. Perhaps now and then, some adventurous youth who has a yearning for something intellectual above the stretch of his station and pockets, may beg or borrow an occasional reading of one of them—but as far as regards the great mass, these Magazines and Reviews are sealed Books. The same remarks are applicable to all literary periodicals, down to the humble sixpenny. The most extensive circulation of any of them scarcely brings them out of their own particular circles, and there they run their rounds, and all the rest of the world are ignorant of them. But our *brazen* Journal is adapted to be read by *every body*. First, it is so cheap—who could not spare a penny? Second, it is so nice—who would not buy so fine a pennyworth? Third, it is so short and pithy—who is it that has not time to read it? There are three substantial reasons for you! We think we see the artisan coming in to his hasty breakfast, and when he would think it folly to open a book, he spreads the DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL before him, and reads a little—then when he comes home at night, tired with labour, and his children climbing his knee, do you think that he would send them about their business, and sit down in silence to a book? We know one fellow of that description—a sulky, surly man—whose children never dared to show their faces at night, or approach him while reading. To be sure, he read a great many books—but what then? His children hated him. But our Journal can be held in one hand, while the worthy man holds a child on his knee with the other—and then at every interval of domestic labour, he can read aloud a little paragraph to his wife or his daughter, who thus can enjoy their share of the Penny without losing a moment of time. Then his little son just beginning to read, will be attracted by the wood-cuts—and by and bye he will learn to read too; and as our Journal circulates from house to house of the working class, it will be raising up a new generation of readers, and be the means of creating a thirst for knowledge where it never existed before. Thus will it be the means of extending the blessings of civilization—it will increase the Booksellers' sales—and enlarge the field for the Press. Should not our appearance, therefore, be hailed by every friend to man? Should not we be welcomed by the poor, and favoured by the rich? Yes, we see the Schoolboy debating whether he will spend his penny on a cake or a number of the Journal. We see the working man hesitating whether he will spend his penny on tobacco or knowledge. We see the young lady opening her reticule, and with a smile buying a number—and old gentlemen and old ladies, whose eyes would be tired reading long articles, hail our appearance with joy. Thus the age of brass is a real blessing, and the DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL a decided favourite with all, young and old, rich and poor. Then success to our labours!

## AGRICULTURE.

Beyond a doubt, IRELAND, is a *fine* country. Her climate and her soil have long been the boast of her children, and the remark of strangers; her favourite name the EMERALD ISLE, implies that she is equally free from the blighting frosts and chilling winds of more northern regions, and from the burning heats of countries more exposed to the influence of the sun. And why is such a country, thus blessed by the smiles, and watered by the showers, of Heaven, poor and miserable? It is not for us to give the *why* and the *wherefore*. It is enough for us to know that she *might* rival England in the excellence of her agriculture; it is enough for us to know that from Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway, from Dublin to Galway, she *might* be like a fertile garden, pouring forth her riches in exuberant abundance. But beautiful speeches and long sentences about what Ireland *MIGHT* be, will not MAKE her so. We must buckle up our sleeves and fall to work. And, fellow-countrymen, believe the Conductor of the DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL when he assures you, that though, like all men, he looks to his own interest, yet he has your GOOD at heart, and would not, for all the paltry profits of his periodical, either flatter you or slander you. It is intended to give occasionally information on the AGRICULTURE of Ireland; and we sincerely trust that none will take any offence when we find fault, or get proud when we praise: *for until the Agriculture of Ireland is improved, she will never rise in the scale of nations.*

Now the obstacles that lie in the way of the agricultural prosperity of Ireland seem to arise from want of capital, want of industry, and want of system. Wherever we go, we see the tillage of the country evidently suffering under a deficiency of the means that should be employed in an efficient system of husbandry. Poor cattle, wretched machinery, and insufficient manuring, are visible even to the eye of the citizen who scarcely knows wheat from oats. We see men becoming farmers without as much capital as might enable them properly to till a cabbage garden, and struggling from the beginning with difficulties which it is almost impossible to overcome. This great evil is perhaps more owing to the landlord than the tenant. It arose, and is still encouraged by that vile and wretched system of setting to the highest bidder, and at the highest rackrent. This, in short, and without disguise, is the first great cause of the deterioration of Irish agriculture; for in a country where all desire to be farmers, there will naturally be extravagant competition.

The second cause is, the want of regular and steady industry. Irishmen, both farmers and labourers, can work like horses to effect a particular object. Where are the Scotch or English that can match them in a PULL out? But this is not steadily regulated. That's the point. "Steady, boys, steady!" What a time is wasted at fairs, markets, weddings, wakes, and funerals! True, the crop must be sold, our sons and our daughters must be married, and "our dead buried out of our sight." But look at that knot of strong stout fellows lounging about the smith's forge, or gossamer at the corner where idlers, and worse than idlers congregate! Let them go and mend up the broken fences over the way, or turn the cow, or the pigs, or the geese out of the corn! But that very corn is pestered with weeds! Look at the prasha *boy* flaunting unprofitably gay, and the thistle sending its bearded seeds upon the winds of heaven, to propagate the pestilence in every adjoining field! *Fie, fie, ye lounging, idle fellows!* If the farmer does not go coolly, and regularly, and systematically to work, he may as well go beg!

The third great evil is the want of a *regular rotation of crops*. Irish farmers, the creatures of circumstances, and often put to their shifts, cannot bring themselves to pursue a regular system of husbandry. Now, farmers, listen to us, and for a Penny a week we will put pounds a year into your pockets. Hillo! you fellow there, you need not go out of the room till we are done. Is the Dublin Penny Journal not worth being listened to? Now, my gay fellow, let us be better acquainted—why do you not adopt a regular system in your farming? When you strive to squeeze as much out of the land at the least expense as possible—what is that conduct like? It is like shutting one eye and winking with the other, and then looking for a needle in a bundle of straw. Do you not know that if you and all your neighbours are cultivating the same kind of grain, merely because there happens to be a high price just now for it in the market, that by and by, a glut will be the consequence, down tumble the prices, you are disappointed, you cry out, "How hard are the